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AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

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Saturday, August 1, 1801.

EDWARD WALWIN.

AN ORIGINAL NOVEL.

[Written by a Young Gentleman of Philadelphia.]

(CONTINUED.)

WILLIAM did not awake until sunrise; he found himself quite refreshed. Looking round him, in order to discover the road, from which he had wandered a small distance the preceding night, he espied, through an opening of the trees, a large mansion; to this he immediately bent his way, and entered. He accosted the inhabitants, asking if they were in need of a labourer; to which being answered in the affirmative, he was engaged. The family consisted of an old man, his wife, daughter, and a servant-man, who were insufficient to occupy the fourth part of their habitation, which was a large mansion, built partly of stone, and partly of logs, situated near a small rivulet, along whose banks lay the land belonging to the estate, which was cultivated by the old man (who was master of the house) and the servant.

Nothing material occurred the first day. On retiring to bed, at night, his fellow-servant, who was far from being of a tacit temper, said to William, "This is an ugly big house to be sure, but then one has't much work to do." "Pray who is the owner," asked William. "His name is Randall, (replied the man,) a young English gentleman, who purchased the estate about two years ago, and had some alterations made; Peter is his tenant, and a sly old rogue too, let me tell you. We

don't make use of the north part of the house, and Peter says it's haunted; but I believe there's more in the wind than a body thinks for; because when Mr. Randall was here last, Peter and he went every day to that part of the house; I have often watched Peter since, and seed him going towards there with something in a basket; and looking, I can't tell how, but very wicked." "And have you never had the curiosity to search the northern apartments." "Why, for that matter, Peter forbids me, and I did not like to venture there alone." Here the conversation ceased, but William's thoughts revolved much upon what he had heard; with Randall's character he was very well acquainted, and doubted not but some female, whose virtue he had abused, was here confined. Of a noble and generous nature, his soul abhorred such base actions, and he formed a resolution to deliver her, or perish in the attempt.

The next evening William sounded his companion, and finding him not averse to the plan, he communicated it, and the other entered into it joyfully. It was agreed that the following night, they should both explore that part of the house, in the mean time keeping as strict an eye as possible on Peter. George (for that was his companion's name) and William retired at bed-time, and waiting until the rest of the family were asleep, proceeded softly along a cock-loft, or garret, which extended the whole length of the building. They had a dark lanthorn with them, by whose feeble rays they were enabled to proceed with sure steps to the extremity of the building, where perceiving a narrow stair-case, William, who carried the light, began to descend, when, stumbling over something he had not perceived, he fell with violence on the floor of the room below, and extin-

guished his light; George called softly to know if he was hurt, and being answered "no," came down, feeling his way cautiously. It proved to be nothing more than a log of wood that had occasioned this accident. They were now involved in total darkness, and each taking a different direction, began to feel around the room for the door, which they soon found, and it proved to be fastened with nothing but bolts, and these on the inside, so that it was easily opened. From this door they entered a narrow passage, which continued until they came to another flight of stairs; these they also descended. At the bottom however, they found their progress impeded by another door, which was not bolted like the former, but locked; and the noise they made in attempting to force it, seemed to disturb some one in the room to which it opened, and they heard the sound of a person stirring. Repeating their attempts, they heard the clanking of chains, and presently a voice crying, "Who's there?" "Friends, (said William,) desirous of delivering you from the power of a scoundrel." "Accept my thanks," replied the voice, which they now distinguished to be that of a male, "and may heaven prosper your generous undertaking." Being unable to force the door, George felt his way back for the stick of wood, with which he returned; and now applying all their strength, the door yielded to their united efforts. They entered, but were still involved in impenetrable darkness; however, groping about, William found the prisoner, and feeling his chains, which were fastened to the wall, said, "they are well secured." "Surely, (replied the prisoner,) "I know that voice; is it William?" "Edward! Edward Walwin!" exclaimed William; it was he indeed; they tenderly embraced each other—"But (said

William) I must haste to free you from these vile shackles." George now joined them, but their united efforts were of no avail in removing the staple, which was firmly fixed in a wall of stone; he therefore proposed going for some tools, and a light, which being agreed to, he ascended the way they came.

It was two hours before George returned; during this interval, William informed EDWARD of the different events that had occurred since his disappearance. When he mentioned Mr. NORTON's death EDWARD felt unaffected grief;—nor were his own sufferings, great as they were, sufficient to engross his whole attention;—he mourned his friend, his patron; the amiable man who had been a father to his infant years. Some minutes passed in silence, until William interrupted it, to enquire of EDWARD the particulars of that event which led them to suppose he was no more. "You remember," said EDWARD, "the night I walked out: it was my intention to visit the cavern, but just as I reached the wood, four men, masked and armed, rushed upon me unawares; my resistance was in vain, and after binding me in such a manner that I could not move, carried me to a carriage which stood in the road. After proceeding all night, about sun-rise we arrived at this place, where I was met by Randall; he exhibited the countenance of a fiend at seeing me, bound and defenceless, a victim to his diabolical malice and ingratitude. After many insolent and cruel threats, which I disdained to answer, he ordered me to this apartment, where I was chained to the wall; since that day I have not seen a human countenance, although often have I heard the voice of Randall, loading me with opprobrious epithets. My food is conveyed through a small opening in the wall, and it would be entirely sufficient for my sustenance, were I at liberty; but the damp and confined air of my dungeon, together with want of exercise, have emaciated my countenance, nor do I feel my usual strength."

George now returned with a number of instruments, and after a tedious operation, freed EDWARD from his chains: he expressed his acknowledgments in the warmest manner; but as they had no time to lose, they returned through the cock-loft to William's chamber, who accommodated EDWARD with a change of linen. They now went to the stables, and felt little compunction in taking from thence three horses, upon whose backs they sallied forth, George taking a contrary direction

from the other two, who bent their way towards Mr. NORTON's late dwelling. It was about day-break when they started, and about noon they arrived within sight of Norville; but, without approaching the house, they repaired to the cave. What was their astonishment when they beheld it broken in! EDWARD expressed his apprehensions lest the recluse should be buried in the ruins; but after searching a few minutes, and not discovering him, they regained the road, and continued their journey, EDWARD resolving to proceed immediately towards Mr. Bolton's, without stopping at Norville, as he was extremely anxious to hear from his MARY, and William cheerfully accompanied him.

Towards evening a violent storm of rain coming on, they were compelled to take shelter in the same house where Mr. NORTON and EDWARD had formerly lodged. They had been here but a short time, when two men entered, and EDWARD immediately recognized them to be the robbers who had plundered Mr. NORTON. He put on as cheerful and unconcerned a countenance as he could, and after some time they retired to rest, when he imparted the discovery to William; but they both thought it safest not to attempt making them prisoners, as they were well armed, and our heroes had no weapons. The robbers soon also retired, and in passing to their chamber, which adjoined the one allotted to EDWARD and his companion, they softly opened the door, and looked in. EDWARD and William counterfeited sleep, and the others passed on; but the occurrence filled EDWARD's mind with apprehension. Having got into bed, the robbers began a conversation, to which EDWARD listened with the utmost attention: though he could not distinguish precisely what they were conversing about, the following words caught his ear—"They will never discover the closet." An idea immediately flashed through his mind, but he did not communicate it to William, fearful of disturbing the occupiers of the next room.

(To be continued.)

COMFORT FOR THE AFFLICTED.

A poor Dervise made his pilgrimage to Mecca barefooted, for want of shoes, cursing his lot, and accusing Heaven of cruelty. But when he arrived at the gate of the great mosque of Confah, he perceived a poor man who had lost both his feet.—The view of a man more miserable than himself, afforded him some consolation, and convinced him that it was a greater affliction to be without feet than without shoes.

THE EFFECTS OF LUXURY.

[From the CHILD of PALLAS.]

LIKE most old people, I am more generally fond of light and pleasant subjects, for meditation, for the pen and for conversation; yet can occasionally devote hours to the most abstruse reasoning, the most profound speculation. Reader, are you young? If so, I beg you to ponder long, and seriously, on the observations I am about to make. If you are old, you must be an old blockhead not to have learned that luxury is the bane of national prosperity, of individual quiet, success, and real pleasure. It is the canker-worm, that corrodes the tree of life, to its untimely destruction; it devours the foliage, indicative of health; it destroys the buds of virtue, that would naturally blossom; it gnaws and gnaws upon the trunk, till, fruitless, leafless and unsightly, it becomes fit only for the axe of death.

This is a good simile. I must, as critics say Dr. Young sometimes does, run down the comparison, for your benefit, and for its further illustration.

A little intemperance is the foliage injured. More, is the loss of vigour to unfold the buds of virtue, and bring forth the pleasant fruits of good deeds. Continued and increasing, it is the worm that finds way to the trunk; occasions excrescences and diseases; stops the regular circulation of that sap, for the loss of which rich wines and ardent spirits are no remedy; till, as the farmer his labourer, heaven sends death, to remove the withered and needless nuisance from among the trees that cover the skull of the earth.

Some writers have asserted that luxury increases commerce. True, but the consequence does not follow, that it is therefore of national benefit. A commerce of the necessities and conveniences of life increases the property of the manufacturer and farmer; gives bread to its thousands; cherishes, strengthens and aggrandizes a nation. But the commerce of wheat for gauze, of rice for wine, of cotton for changeable silks, will, in the progress of years, be attended with sullen evils to the United States. The barter of tobacco for rum is but the exchange of opium for ratsbane.

What, for a long succession of centuries, has preserved the Chinese name? The absence of luxury. What wasted the wealth, and prostrated the grandeur of the Persian, Syrian, and Grecian powers? Luxury. What into magnificent ruins tumbled the stupendous structure of the Roman empire? Luxury. Is then luxury

of national benefit? No. A comical thought has just come into my head. Suppose, privileged to roam from orb to orb, to examine the inhabitants, character and manners of other worlds, some superior tenant of Saturn's ring, or Jupiter's belt, visiting our "thick rotundity of earth," should alight on a tobacco plantation of one of the southern states. The sun showers down the oppressive rays of heat: the sullen overseers walk to and fro with their threatening whips: our coloured brethren of kindred blood, through the long hours of a tedious summer's day, humbled, enslaved, brutalized, like the steady steed or patient ox, with scanty pittance, are sweating through their daily task, for the benefit of a lazy and oppressive owner. The stranger stands surprised. A colloquy commences:

Superior. Why are you idle, when hundreds around you are so busily employed?

Planter. These black dogs are mine. I bought them; and can do with them as I please.

Superior. Are they not of the same race with yourselves?

Planter. I don't know indeed. I never thought any thing about it.

Superior. And for what purpose are all these so laboriously employed, in the heat of this scorching sun?

Planter. To raise my tobacco, what do you think?

Superior. What is tobacco? To what use is it put? Is it clothing or food?

Planter. It is not clothing.

Superior. Is it food?

Planter. Why, no; it is for chewing, smoking, and snuffing.

Superior. Is the juice of it fattening?

Planter. No, chewing takes away the juice of the body.

Superior. And what is the benefit of snuffing?

Planter. It vexes the nose, and makes people sneeze.

Superior. How do your people smoke?

Planter. By setting fire to it; drawing the smoke into their mouths, and then blowing it out again.

Superior. Then what is the benefit of smoking, chewing and snuffing?

Planter. The Lord knows, sir, I'm sure I don't.

Superior. Profitable employment! What ingenious and disinterested people, to labour thus to lay up rich treasures of nothing!

Planter. Aye, but we exchange it for rum and brandy.

Superior. Are rum and brandy raiment or food?

Planter. They are not raiment. They are food; no, they are drink.

Superior. What ails that overseer, who lies by the fence; Is he dead or asleep?

Planter. Neither. He is drunk with rum.

Superior. And does rum always affect you thus?

Planter. Too much always will.

Superior. And how is it with a little?

Planter. Not so bad.

No more was said. Do you imagine he departed laughing at the ridiculous pursuits of mad men? No. As he ascended, the multitude of tears fell fast on the head of the unhappy African, and a long way besprinkled the burning earth.

Look at the huge havoc of *War*. Life's mid-day sun shines on the untimely grave of millions. See the ravages of *Famine*: mark the desolation of *Pestilence*; busying the grave-digger; depopulating cities. These are but the baby under-officers of Death, compared with his victorious vicegerent, the devouring angel, *INTEMPERANCE*.

Intemperance is the positive enemy of all solid enjoyment. It is honey in the mouth, but bitter ashes in digestion. It is the father of unnumbered vices. What errors, what pains, what miseries does it not produce? And what are its benefits? They are known only to the apothecary, doctor, and undertaker.

He who has been long used to his rich wines, his spices, his creams, and costly meats, looks with a degree of horror on the life of the temperate. His calm, constant stream of purified pleasures, is all ice to his eye. But he, who has tasted the cup of excess; has experienced all the unreal enjoyment of luxurious poisons; and has become wisely simple and regular in his diet; in full possession of cheerful spirits, and vigorous health; would not exchange his happy mood of mind, his gay and quiet hours, for the morning head-ache, the forenoon mental vacancy, the afternoon nap, the hypochondriac hours, the uneasy rest of the night, with much turning on the bed, the indigesting stomach, the trembling hand, the bloody eye, the cholic, palsy, gout, distress, despair, that accompany the bacchanalian: No, not if Andes in gold attended the barter.

MAXIMS OF HEALTH.

M. Dumoulin, a celebrated French Physician, said on his death-bed, that he had left behind him three most excellent physi-

cians, "*water, exercise, and diet.*" This however is to be understood with some allowance: many persons have destroyed themselves from excess of temperance. It is a general observation made by physicians, that for the preservation of the health of mankind, a generous diet is preferable to a low one. But many disorders may be cured by diet alone; and it would be a good practice for persons, when they find themselves under any slight indisposition, to go to bed, and live upon bread and water for some time: this mode has been known to effect considerable cures, where the disorder was not of a very dangerous nature. And it is surely cheaper than calling for a physician, and much more agreeable than swallowing large potions from the apothecary's shop, which frequently do more harm than good. "*I can't eat,*" is the general complaint of sick persons. Well, so much the better, nature, perhaps, is taking the readiest way to do her own work, by preventing an addition to the already vitiated fluids and feeble solids. "*I can't sleep at night,*" is frequently the complaint of persons who have no ailment at all. Very true, but is it not against nature, to expect sound rest without exercise? I would advise such persons to rise at any time of the night, in which they may find themselves fairly awake, and use exercise, either of body or mind, sufficiently to induce sleep; if it should not have an immediate effect, they will at least enjoy good rest the next night.—*Early rising* is also very conducive to health. Lord Chesterfield's advice to his son is excellent—"Make it a point," says he, "at whatever hour you may happen to go to bed, to rise always at a certain hour of the morning. This will prevent most effectually your sitting up late." It is a good anecdote of a gentleman, who used to rise at a certain very early hour, by the following device: His hairdresser was bound under certain articles, to come every morning at a given hour. This he was obliged to announce, by a violent knocking at the street-door, which the master of the house was always to open himself, his servants being forbidden by him to let in the friseur, however hard he might knock; by which means the gentleman was always compelled to rise and open the door himself.—What a pity this excellent maxim of early rising is so often forgot—how often does the *'tother bottle* in company with a friend, over night, or the wind whistling in the morning, or a little rain, induce us to waste hours in bed, that should be employed in devotion, business, or mental improvement!

The Commentator, No. 17.

*In men we various ruling passions find,
In women, two almost divide the kind;
These only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, or the love of sway.*

POPE.

NOTWITHSTANDING my wishes to hear remarks made upon my effusions were gratified, as I mentioned in my last, yet mortification was the sole reward of my expectations. One hint, however, I received in the course of the conversation, respecting my ideas of the fair sex, which has led me to reflect on my neglect of that part of the creation, and I determined to correct my fault.

However disrespectfully men of genius have too frequently treated the sex in general, it has by no means tended to diminish their estimation with the major part of rational minds, but seems to proceed from a dread of rivalry. The sentiments of this class of mankind seem to pay a compliment to the abilities of women, rather than to confirm the idea of their incapacity. POPE, from whom I have taken the motto of the present number, was certainly unjustifiably severe; yet while he paints in glowing colours the defects of women, in general, his tenacious mind is obliged to acknowledge the excellence of some. With me, the speaking contemptuously of the ladies, and failing justly to appreciate their value, is always a sure symptom of a mind infected with self-importance. No sooner do I perceive in the works of an author, sentiments bordering upon disrespect, to that part of the creation, who so largely conduce to the rational happiness of man, than I consider him as a being vastly inferior, in every respect, to those he affects to despise, inflated with ideas of his own superiority, and at the same time paying a tribute to their higher excellence, by enviously endeavouring to diminish it in the eyes of his fellow-men. "The love of pleasure," considered as happiness, predominates in every bosom, however different may be the modes which are adopted to gratify it, and it certainly is absurd to suppose it the exclusive inmate of the female breast. Other passions, no doubt, harbour there, but woman being excluded from the direction of the more important affairs of society, they have nothing to fan them into a flame, and she must either sink into passive inactivity, except with respect to the dull routine of domestic concerns, or, animated with the desire of the enjoyment of pleasure, seek for amusements which are not to be found

within the precincts of her own dwelling. But few are to be found in either sex, who remain happy in the tedious monotony of domestic affairs;—can it therefore cause our admiration, that women should eagerly grasp at every pleasure from which they are not debarred by the rigid laws of delicacy, and the more despotic ones of custom?—Are they not as susceptible of the pleasures of society as man?—And is it not injustice to wish to deprive them of the advantages the other sex enjoy?—We certainly ought not to censure them for their fondness for mingling in the world, and enjoying the transitory pleasures of life, when we find that conduct constitutes our own happiness, or at least, is very essential thereto. Moreover, they not unfrequently wish to escape from their homes, because their tranquillity is disturbed by the caprice or ill-nature of ourselves, and if we strictly examine into the causes of the "love of pleasure," which appears conspicuous in the sex, or into their fondness for a commerce with the world, we shall find that it frequently owes its origin to the neglect, the inconstancy, or the peevishness of man. "The love of sway" is also, by no means, exclusively confined to the fair sex, nor would it appear a conspicuous trait in their character, if it did not derive its origin from man. They are doubtless endowed with passions as well as ourselves, and seeing and feeling the abuse which man too often makes of his superior power, they resent his conduct, and, very naturally, would willingly exercise the right of sovereignty themselves. But I believe were women to rule, were they invested with power to support their authority, they would exert it with more moderation and justice, than man, who now sways the world. They probably would act according to the law of retaliation, and punish those, who now abuse the power with which they were entrusted by their Creator, (not to oppress, but protect the sex, which has so many claims to their love, their gratitude, and their veneration;) but they would not make such a tyrannical use of it as man now does. Endued with a greater portion of sensibility than man, they feel more keenly the stings of neglect, or the wanton exercise of his superior power; consequently when they have established their authority over him, (which is sometimes the case) it ought not to excite our admiration that they should rule despotically, and endeavour to give him the experience of what they suffer from the brutality and violence of their haughty oppressors. If the enjoyment of those noble faculties, which elevate mankind so far a-

bove the brute creation, were confined exclusively to the male sex, if all women were placed but a single grade above the beasts of the field, merely subservient to the pleasure of man, and not, as they now are, a fund of rational happiness, we should be deprived of a principal source of human felicity. Yet there exists some, who wish to make them the slaves of our passions, and only administering to our convenience. Some have gone so far into the regions of absurdity, as to suppose them really far inferior in mental powers to man, and incapacitated for filling the rank in society, to which their equality with him entitles them; and hence have concluded, that they ought to be considered as created solely to administer to our satisfaction, without enjoying the smallest portion themselves. The only reward of such self-opinionated creatures, who, proud of possessing the form of men, strive to propagate ideas so inimical to the real happiness of society, ought to be contempt; and with this they will undoubtedly be regarded by all persons of reflection.

The vivacity inherent in the sex, leads them naturally to exercise the powers of speech, which have been bestowed upon them, to discharge the numerous ideas which overwhelm their minds: their fancy is so much more glowing than that of our sex, that a greater flow of thoughts pour upon them, and press for utterance. This has served as a sufficient ground to stigmatize the sex, and is considered as a general and predominant feature of their character. It has afforded a fine field, in which male writers exercise their talents for satire at the expence of woman-kind, and the pious Dr. YOUNG himself yields to the prevailing prejudice, when he observes that

"A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
"But 'tis indeed a task to learn—to hear."

But it is this which is a principal cause of the pleasure to be derived from a communication with them, as their lively imagination, and brilliant fancy, gives luxuriant colouring to their description, and additional charms to their conversation. We generally take more delight in the company of a lively female, who entertains us with the brilliant sallies of her wit, the fantastic flights of her fancy, and the sprightly images of her fertile imagination, than of one who enters with pleasure into a philosophical disquisition, or scientific dissertation upon abstruse subjects. After fatiguing ourselves with the laborious pursuits of business, to pass our hours of relax-

ation from the cares of life in the company of the sex who constitute domestic happiness, is indeed an enjoyment. A social intercourse with them smooths the rugged thorny way of life, polishes our manners, soothes our passions, capacitates us for executing with ease our ordinary duties, and renders our journey through the world calm and tranquil. That is, when we carefully restrain our passions within the boundary of reason. Then let the wretch who strives to diminish our just estimation of their value, be consigned to merited oblivion, and let us not listen to the suggestions of any one to the disadvantage of the sex, whose performance of the social duties of life, is generally unexceptionable, and whose kind attentions in the hour of dissolution, will deprive death of half his terrors. J.

WONDERFUL MUTILATION.

In a letter from Prince Pignatelli, Minister of the King of Naples, to Count Prioca, Minister of State at Turin, intercepted by the French general Championet, is the following statement, originating from the mention of Lord Nelson losing his arm, in a conversation at Naples:—

A criminal was ordered to be broken upon the wheel in the town of Dijon, many years since; the surgeons begged by petition to the King, to have the sentence commuted to suffering an experiment to be made of a new-invented styptic, in a case of the utmost hæmorrhage. The Court granted the request, and the criminal consented, as his only chance for life. The dismemberment went all lengths but the head; both the arms, both the thighs, were chopped off. In fine, the bleeding trunk, smacked smooth, with the head only remaining to the body, was immersed in the styptic. It soon stopped the blood; the wounds healed: the man survived, became the most moral and prosperous citizen of Dijon, married the tallest, largest woman in the country, had twelve children, and his posterity are now at the head of the Municipality.

CURIOUS FACT IN NATURAL HISTORY.

(From the *Sporting Magazine*, for 1799.)

That toads in a perfect state have been found in solid rock and marble, and enveloped in the largest and closest grained trees, are facts attested by the most respectable authorities. A similar, and perhaps little less surprising circumstance was discovered a short time since, by Messrs.

Pope and Tart, of Birmingham, who, in sawing an elephant's tooth, found in the middle of it a perfect iron spear-head, six inches and an half long; the corroded state of the iron, the firm texture of the ivory, and the well known longevity of the elephant, render it highly probable that it had been in that situation forty or fifty years before the death of the animal. The spear-head is exactly of the description of those used by the natives in the interior part of Africa, who hunt the elephant.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese carracks sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very great, rich, and flourishing colony of that nation in the East-Indies. There were no less than twelve hundred souls, mariners, passengers, priests and friars, on board one of these vessels.

The beginning of the voyage was prosperous; they had doubled the southern extremity of Africa, called the Cape of Good Hope, and were steering their course north-east, to the great continent of India, when just about the dawn of day, the ship struck upon a rock. I leave to the reader's imagination, what a scene of horror this dreadful accident must occasion among twelve hundred persons, all in the same inevitable danger; beholding with fearful astonishment, that instantaneous death which now stared them in the face.

In this distress, the captain ordered the pinnacle to be launched, into which having thrown a small quantity of biscuit, and some boxes of marmalade, he jumped in himself, with nineteen others, who with their swords prevented the coming in of any more, lest the boat should sink.

In this condition they put off into the great Indian ocean, without a compass to steer by, or any fresh water but what might fall from the heavens, whose mercy alone could deliver them. After they had rowed four days in this miserable condition, the captain, who had been for some time very sick and weak, died.

This obliged them to elect one of their own company to command them, whose orders they implicitly agreed to follow. This person proposed to the company to draw lots, and to cast every fourth man overboard; as their small stock of provisions was so far spent, as not to be able, at a very short allowance, to sustain life above three days longer.

Three of them submitted to their fate. The fourth was a Portuguese gentleman who had a younger brother in the boat,

who, seeing him about to be thrown overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and with tears in his eyes besought him to let him die in his room; enforcing his arguments by telling him that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters, who absolutely depended upon him; that as for himself, he was single, and his life of no great importance; he therefore conjured him to suffer him to supply his place.

The elder brother, astonished, and melting with this generosity, replied, that, since the Divine Providence had appointed him to suffer, it would be wicked and unjust to permit any other to die for him, especially a brother, to whom he was so infinitely obliged. The younger, persisting in his purpose, would take no denial, but throwing himself on his knees, held his brother so fast, that the company could not disengage them.

Thus they disputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him to be a father to his children, and recommending his wife to his protection; and as he would inherit his estate, to take care of their common sisters; but all he could say would not make the younger desist. This was a scene of tenderness that must fill every breast susceptible of generous impressions, with pity. At last the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other.

He acquiesced, and suffered the gallant youth to supply his place, who, being cast into the sea, and a good swimmer, soon got to the stern of the pinnacle, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, which being perceived by one of the sailors, he cut off the hand with his sword; then dropping into the sea, he presently caught hold again with his left, which received the same fate by a second blow. Thus dismembered of both hands, he made shift, notwithstanding, to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps, which he held bleeding upwards. This moving spectacle so raised the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, "He is but one man, let us endeavour to save his life;" and he was accordingly taken into the boat, where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances would permit. They rowed all that night, and the next morning, when the sun arose, as if heaven would reward the piety of this young man, they descried land, which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique, in Africa, not far from a Portuguese colony. Thither they all safely arrived, where they remained until the next ship from Lisbon passed by and carried them to Goa.

COMPOSITION.

[An Extract from QUINTILIAN.]

Hints to Teachers—Encouragement to Youthful Genius.

"A PERFECT piece of Composition, (says Quintilian,) can neither be required, nor expected from a child: but I cannot help having a good opinion of the fertile wit, that attempts nobly, though it may sometimes not keep within the bounds of precision. Nor do I ever dislike superfluities in a young beginner. I would therefore have a master, like a tender nurse, indulge the young minds of his pupils in the most delicious nutriment, suffering them to feast, as it were, on the sweet milk of eloquence, and to enjoy, without restraint, the gaiety of florid thoughts and expressions. Time will soon bring the pampered body to a due consistence, and will give great hopes of a sound constitution; whereas the child, that is suddenly formed in all its limbs, portends future leanness and infirmity. Let boys at an early age make many bold attempts: let them invent, and take pleasure in their inventions, though these may not yet be sufficiently just and accurate. A rich fruitfulness may be easily corrected; but absolute sterility will defeat every effort.

"The boy that discloses his turn of genius by a few tokens of judgment, affords me but slender hopes of solid natural parts. I would have him enlarge upon, and spread out his subject to more than a just extent. Time will lessen the exuberance: reason will polish and rub off a great deal of it; and it will even gradually wear away by frequent exercise. There ought to be something of substance to bear clipping and filing; and this will be the case if the plate be not too thinly wrought in the beginning, so as to break on the first deep incision of the graving tool. My sentiments on this head will not appear singular or extraordinary to any person who has read that declaration of CICERO, *that he wished to see young men display a fertile genius.*

"For these reasons a master whose method of teaching is of a dry turn, is very unfit for children; and may prove as injurious to them, as a parched and dry soil must be to young plants. From him they give into a dearth of conception: they become low and grovelling in their ideas; and never attempt to rise above the level of common discourse. A meagre state is health to them; what they call judgment is real debility; and while they think it enough to be free from faults, they do not

consider that it is a signal fault to be destitute of beauties.

"It will not be amiss to hint, in how great a degree youth are discouraged by a master hard to be pleased, and rather too severe in correcting their performances. They despair; they fret; they at length hate study; and what hurts them most, is their attempting nothing, whilst they labour under continual apprehensions. The example of vine-dressers may not in this respect be inapplicable to masters. They do not prune the vine while its branches are tender, naturally supposing that it dreads the knife, and cannot yet endure the least wound. A teacher should act with the same delicacy, and should know that remedies, harsh in their nature, require to be mitigated by something gentle. Some parts of his pupil's composition he may praise: for others he may make a little allowance: *this* he may alter, giving a reason why he does so; and *that* he may embellish, by introducing something of his own. It will also sometimes be of service to dictate the chief parts of a subject, which the pupil may copy and enlarge upon, and thus be deceived into the flattering and encouraging idea, that it is a work of his own production. But should his style happen to be so faulty as not to admit of correction; in this case it was customary with me to have recourse to an expedient, which I always found successful. I went over the same subject again, and having explained it in all its parts, I advised him to work it up anew, for that he was capable of doing it still better. Thus the hope of success was a great incentive to his study and exertions. Others are to be treated differently, but all according to their age and capacity. It was usual with me to tell boys, whose essays were too bold, or too fanciful, that for the present I was pleased with such flights of genius; but that the time would come when I should not indulge them in the like liberties. By this treatment they prided themselves in their wit, and were not deceived in their judgment."

INTERESTING ANECDOTE

OF PETER III. OF CASTILE.

A Canon of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the Canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many

blows on the head, as laid him dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son of fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter: the Canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year.*

The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the procession passed by. Among the other canons, he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair, got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reason, call the Lover of Justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and, after learning the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy; and, after asking the young man what profession he was, "*I forbid you,*" said he, "*to make shoes for a year to come.*"

A CRUST FOR THE JOKERS.

I Always lov'd a good smart and innocent jest; but, believe me, I am far from always liking a joker.

"Is not this something like loving the treason, and hating the traitor?"

By no means; the man who now and then entertains the company with a jest, is as different from a *common joker*, as a good free-hearted girl is from a common prostitute.

"That is a bold assertion."

No bolder than it is true. But to illustrate the position—

There are various sorts of *professed jokers*. To mention *three* of the principal, however, will serve our purpose at present.

I shall begin with the *wholesale* joker, who endeavours to turn almost *every thing*, however serious in its nature, into laughter; lies in wait for opportunities to say *good things*, tell funny stories, in which he *stretches* the strings of probability; and tho' he means no *harm*, and perhaps seldom means any thing, would, rather than *lose his joke*, risk the loss of his friend. This, I take it, is no very respectable character.

The next in rank is the *retail* joker, who deals out old stories, which he vouches to be new ones; having himself *been present* (as he *himself* says) when the *jokes* he mentioned took place. This is an engrosser of conversation, a waster of time;—an *echo* twenty times repeated in the ear of a man whose head aches, is not more tiresome than such a fellow.

But there is a third sort, whom I term the *mischievous* joker. One of the most innocent of these is generally enough to make a company unhappy, by making up some lie or other, which, if believed, must be productive of painful sensations, and then laughing at the credulous hearers, (as being *taken in*) for having had too good an opinion of his veracity. Another set of these *risible* gentle folks cloak their affronts under the name of *jokes*; and while they pretend to *raillery*, the *true spirit* of which they do not, nor *will not* understand, sport with the characters alike of the present or absent, tell *disagreeable truths*, with which they have no business, and frequently frame lies, calculated to expose people to *contempt*; and when the matter comes to an *eclaircissement*, nobody must be angry, for the party was but in *joke*.

I remember seeing one of these facetious gentry brought rather into a disagreeable situation by the exercise of his talent, where it was not relished. He had very dexterously delivered of twins, the sister of a gentleman, (a widow lady) that had been ill of a *dropsy*; and had said many good things upon the occasion. He had also, with the same dexterity, made her brother quarrel often about this circumstance, and afterwards refuse a challenge. He embellished his discourse with many jests upon *big bellies*, and had nearly finished, when the gentleman in question, (who was unknown to him) entered the room. The gentleman seemed highly pleased with his conversation, and, winking to the company, desired him to repeat many of the good things he had said. Afterwards he declared himself *her brother*, and very coolly begged to be excused "for spoiling a good story by enquiring into the truth of it;" but this he said he must be informed of. The wit immediately recanted every syllable, and declared he was only in *jest*; but the gentleman protested "he did not like such jests, nor would he excuse them." Apologies were offered, but not accepted; and the *joker* got a good *caning* in return for his wit and ingenuity, which made him act some very clever capers, to the great entertainment of the company. Will any one pretend to deny that he had his reward?

PHILADELPHIA,

AUGUST 1, 1801.

Deaths.

Let night, let morn, let clouds, let sun, let flow'rs,
To giddy mortals, some great truth convey :—
Behold man's little life—his morn—his hours—
Scarce reaching up to noon—he fades away !

DIED.....In this City, on the 29th ult. James Carson, youngest child of Mr. James Carson, teacher.

.....At Germantown, on the 29th ult. Mrs. Franks, wife of Isaac Franks, Esq.

.....At Trenton, the 26th ult. on a visit to a friend, Mrs. Mary Cash, of Philadelphia, maiden sister-in-law of the late Mr. Andrew Doz. Tho' in the 78th year of her age, she had scarcely ever known, in her own person, what pain or sickness was, 'till within a few days of her decease: her life was most peaceably ordered in uprightness, benevolence and piety, and conformable thereto was her death.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH

Lancaster, July 15th.

On Wednesday last, as Mr. Charles Thalmann, was building hay on a waggon, on Mr. Francis Bailey's farm, the horses started suddenly, threw him to the ground, and broke his back; which put a period to his life on the Friday following.

COMMUNICATION.

DIED

On Sunday, May 2d, at EDINBURGH, in consequence of a fall from his horse, Mr. H. MACKENZIE, Comptroller General of taxes for SCOTLAND.

MR. MACKENZIE is well known in the literary world. His productions are stamped with a species of merit, which perhaps seldom have been equalled. The pictures delineated by him, are irresistibly pathetic: and of course simple and natural. The conclusion of the *Man of Feeling*, is unquestionably a master-piece of genuine pathos. Without apparent labour, art, or intention, the reader exquisitely feels "himself a man," and sympathizes with the amiable hero of the piece.

As a scholar, Mr. MACKENZIE holds a distinguished rank. With a heart replete with humanity, and the most refined sensibility, he yet obtained a wonderful knowledge of human nature. Possessing a stile at once nervous and innate, with such perception, and such sensibility he had only to

will it, to touch the passions. This was certainly his forte, and this will perpetuate his fame. What we feel, we admire. In his death, the sons and daughters of affliction are bereaved of an unshaken friend, and the republic of literature of one of its brightest ornaments.

Mr. MACKENZIE is author of the following works, the most of which (if not all) have been re-published in America, and some of them have received two or three impressions within these few years: viz. *Man of the World—Man of Feeling—Julia de Roubigné—The Pursuits of Happiness—The Prince of Tunis, a Tragedy—The Mirror, a Periodical Paper*, published at Edinburgh, in the years 1779 and 1780—*And the Lounger*, published on the same plan, in the years 1785 and 1786.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

On the Death of Mrs. FRANKS, Wife of ISAAC FRANKS, Esq. Germantown.

THE knell of death!—ah! save me from the sound,
It flings its hollow murmurs to the gale;
Oh! listen to the cruel notes profound,
They swell with torture o'er yon hollow vale!

Diffusive charity refin'd that breast,
Where every virtue in full lustre glow'd;
She ne'er deny'd pale penury's request,
But tears of sympathy divinely flow'd!

"Oh! charity, thou nymph divinely fair!"
If heav'n can deign to mortals to impart
Its influence benign—thy votaries are
In actions sanctified, and pure in heart.

Ah! would some poet consecrate her name,
With Pope's sweet music, Dryden's sacred fire—

But what, alas! is poor poetic fame,
Whose highest excellence must soon expire.

She lives! she lives! in ev'ry feeling breast,
Where charity and gratitude reside;
Her memory will there unsullied rest,
Will there out-live the monuments of pride.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor acknowledges the receipt of the whole of the copy of "*Albert—A Tale*." Its publication will commence as soon as possible.

The versification of "*Ossian's Address to the Sun*," is approved of, and will appear next week.

"*The Commentator*, No. 18." is received.

A "*Song*," written "for a particular occasion," is in the true Bacchanalian style: the colouring, however, is too bright, and entirely destitute of sentimental shading.

Lines addressed to "*D.... B....*" by a "*Sympathetic Reader*," are objected to on account of the sentiment contained in the last verse.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The inclosed lines were actually written by a young Miss of but NINE years of age. A number of similar effusions, composed by her, on the spur of the moment, have excited, in my opinion, deserved attention. Possessed of native poetical taste, she may be said literally "to lisp in rhyme." No person will expect to find in the following attempt, critical accuracy, for, as Quintilian observes, "a perfect piece of composition can neither be required nor expected from a child." But believing it a duty we owe to posterity, to foster the opening buds of genius, I hope you will give them a place in the Repository.

Your's, &c.

IF happiness you wish to gain,
Let virtue be your guide and aim;
And every hour your bosom sway,
Nor from its dictates go astray.
Let not the vanities of life,
Lead you to join its giddy strife:
For happiness can never be,
In haunts of noise and revelry.
For vice in such assemblies reigns,
Internal anguish, heart-felt pains;
Serene content in silence lives,
And sweet composure ever gives.
Let virtue then for ever prove,
The object of your fondest love.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

A KIND CAUTION TO THE FAIR.

YE fair, (to you I write.) attend,
Nor slight the counsels of a friend:
Hear, whilst I strive to scan
The various wilds, and various arts,
The baits and traps laid for your hearts,
By the deceiver, Man.

Long have they sway'd unequal war,
Long have they deem'd all methods fair,
To seize their destin'd prey:
By storm some try the fort to win,
Some gain the governor within,—
A much securer way.

But not the forward and the bold,
(More than the careless and the cold)
Are masters of their art;
Too open much their snares appear,
Their words may wound the modest ear,
Yet seldom touch the heart.

But now attend, whilst I describe
The softly sighing, dangerous tribe;
Who, to alarm the less,
Cloth'd like the fabled wolf betray,
And steal you from yourselves away,
In Friendship's borrow'd dress.

These all your vigilance require;
And mostly those you most admire,
With prudent caution treat.—
So shall your days with peace be crown'd,
And Happiness, but seldom found,
Shall make your breast her seat.

ACROSTIC.

AUSPICIOUS month! that crowns the fruit-
ful year,
Unload your lap, and bring us festive cheer:
Great Lord of Plenty! bring the flowing
bowl; (soul:
Unbind your sheaves, and feed the hungry
Send us the harvest of the golden year,
To sooth our wants and mitigate our care.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

MR. HOGAN,

The following lines will express, perhaps, the most probable, or only meaning to be found in the verses from a lady's fan; by inserting them, as an answer to J. you will much oblige, Your's, &c.

ABEL RILAHMAN.

TO J.

FROM any number, which you please,
If you should 5 subtract,
'Twill plainly show you what you do,
Or speak, or think, or act.

Suppose from 20, ten you take,
Then 10 there will remain,—
While you're employed in this act,
That you subtract is plain.

For the PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

[The following sonnet was promised for last week, but had accidentally fallen by.]

POWERFUL Cupid! god of lovers,
At thy shrine I humbly kneel;
Touch, oh touch the lovely JULIA
With the passion that I feel.

From thy quiver take an arrow,
Shoot it deep into her heart;
There implant the tender passion,
Let her feel the pleasing smart.

From thine eyes unbind the fillet,
Let my vows propitious prove,
Until Hymen's knot unite us
In the bonds of mutual love. C. K.

CLEORA: AN ELEGY.

CHILD of affliction, whose sequester'd
shade,
Can kindly give the widow'd virgin hail,
Again receive the ever-weeping maid,
And hear once more her melancholy tale.

Beneath this gloom at midnight let her rove,
A bosom fraught with anguish to disclose;
For here she told the secret of her love,
And must relate the story of her woes.

Forgive, great Object of my first regard,
Almighty cause from whence this world
began,
If while the saint enjoys his full reward,
That human nature should lament the
man.

And thou, O shade of all my soul held dear,
If in the boundless regions of the air,
Cleora, plaintiff accents thou canst hear,
Look down, look down, and pity her des-
pair.

From these fond arms for ever art thou torn,
From these sad eyes eternally remov'd;
Nor can this breast a moment cease to
mourn
The only object which it ever lov'd.

Resistless youth! how excellently form'd!
To love created, and to virtue fir'd;
Whoever saw him instantly was charm'd,
Whoever knew him, wonder'd & admir'd.

His person rose so delicately sweet,
That art in envy and amazement stood;
And then his mind was generous and great,
Sincerely honest, and humanely good.

In taste refin'd, and elegantly bred,
Politeness always on his air was hung;
For soft persuasion dwelt on what he said,
And more than magic center'd in his
tongue.

The muse too led him to her sacred springs,
Which sick'ning envy would herself allow,
Taught him to strike the sweetest of her
strings, (brow,
And wreath'd her freshest laurel round his

I knew him—lov'd—and gloried in the fire,
Nor strove the fond emotion to conceal;
This bosom seem'd to cherish a desire,
Which virtue ever trembled to reveal.

My faith I plighted to the charming youth,
Nor blush'd my native sentiments to prove;
The voice of nature was the voice of truth,
Which virtue gave, and ripen'd into love,

But, O! that morn which made him only
mine,
Array'd in honours, on affliction stands,
The sun he long'd impatiently to shine,
And bless the tender union of our hands.

Start, Recollection, backward to thy seat,
Nor let remembrance on the moment
dwell,
Unless distraction madly may repeat, (tell,
What bleeding love must never think to

Ye sacred Pow'rs in pity tell me this,
Why I was mark'd to so severe a doom?
That the same sun which led me on to bliss,
Should see my husband wedded to the tomb.

Are these the joys that innocence must prove,
Are these the blessings which your bounty
gave;
That death must snatch the votary from love,
And Hymen light his torches for the grave.

O that the grand immutable decree,
No partial instance of its care had shewn,
But sent its awful messenger to me, (own,
That struck a life much dearer than my
No vigils then these fading eyes might keep,
Which death's cold hand had settled to re-
pose,
No pitying moon had griev'd to see me weep,
Or rising sun grown weary of my woes.

Thou Cause, divine, omnipotent and dread,
What nameless crime within my soul ap-
pears,
To doom my love so early to the dead,
These eyes so soon to never-ending tears.

This madd'ning brain, all-gracious Heav'n
defend,
Nor let me dare presumptuously to blame;
For O! to question may be to offend,
But sure to murmur must be to blaspheme.

Yet the great Pow'r, whose wisdom could
bestow
A sense so sharp, and exquisite of pain,
Will pardon, if extravagance of woe,
Should make a wretch improperly com-
plain.